Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in war, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratorie grew to an end,
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior what meant this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Citizens and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongleſſe blocks were they, would they not, (speake?
Buc. No by my troth my Lo:
Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.
Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe,

No doubt weele bring it to
Buc. You shal see what I ca
Now my Lord Maior, I da
I thinke the Duke will not
Here comes his seruant: ho
Cates. My Lord, he doth
To visit him to morrow or
He is within with two righ
Diuinely bent to meditatio
And in no worldly suite wo
To draw him from his holy
Buc. Returne good *Cat*
Tell him my selfe, the Mai
In deepe designes and mat
No lesse importing then ou
Are come to haue some co
Cates. Ile tell him what you
Buc. A ha my Lord, this pr
He is not lulling on a leaud
But on his knees at meditat
Not dalying with a brace o
But meditating with two d
Not sleeping to ingrosse hi
But praying to inrich his w
Happie were England, wo
Take on himselfe the soue
But sure I feare we shall ne
Mai. Marry God forbi
Buc. I feare he will, how
What saies your Lord?
Cates. My L. he wonders
Such troupes of Citizens t
His grace not being warnd
My Lord, he feares you m
Buc. Sorie I am my nob
Suspect me that I meane n
By heauen I come in perse
And so once more returne

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